

**WHOO-
DOODIT!**

**WORLD'S
GREATEST
DETECTIVE!**

HIYA, FOLKS!



AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
ACG

NO. 13 SEPT.-OCT.

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
ACG

FUNNY FILMS

10¢





WEB COMIC
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The Magazine
THAT'S
MAKING AMERICA

ROAR!

HERE IT IS...
A BOMBSHELL OF
BELLY-LAFFS...A
SALVO OF SMILES
... THE GREATEST
GLOOM-CHASER
THAT EVER HIT
THE STANDS!

THERE'S A SHRIEK
A SECOND WAITING
FOR YOU --- AND
YOU'LL LOVE IT!
SO RUN ---DO NOT
WALK ---TO YOUR
NEAREST NEWS-
STAND, AND
SAY:



I want

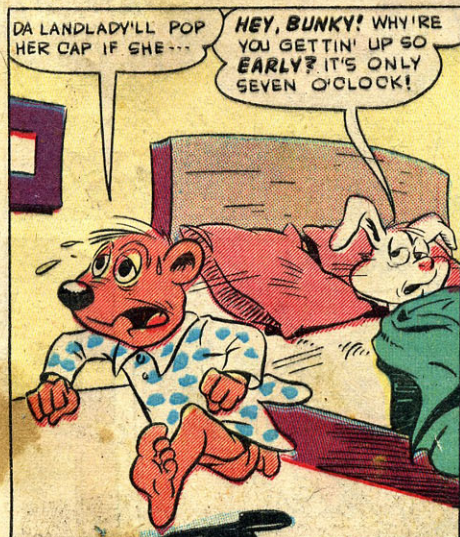
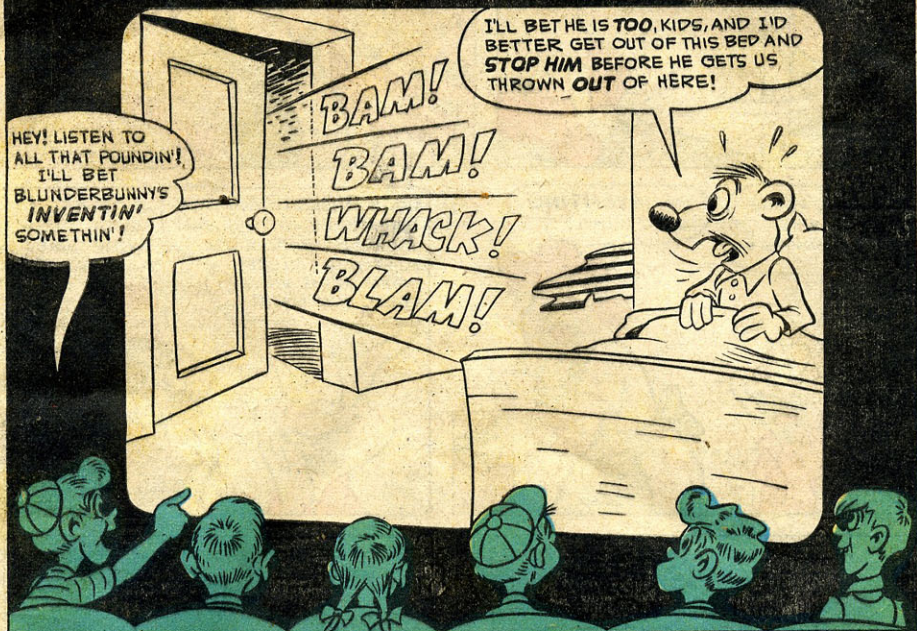
**HA HA
COMICS**

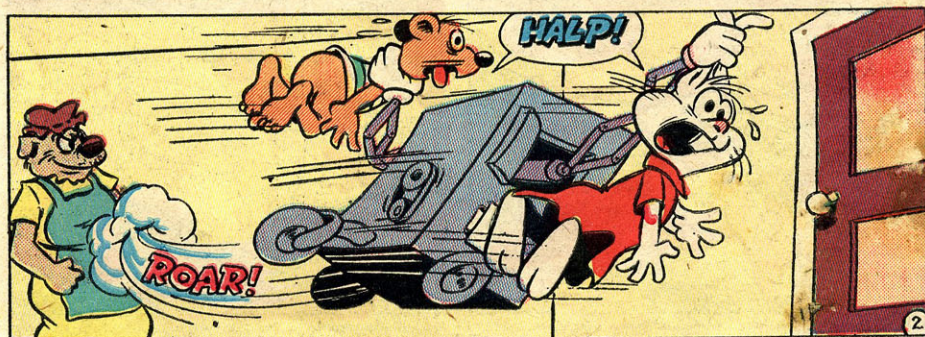
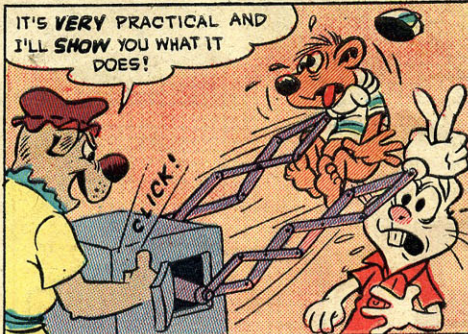
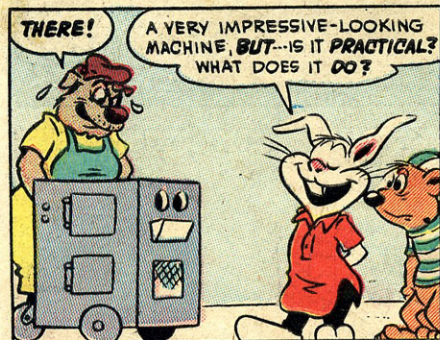
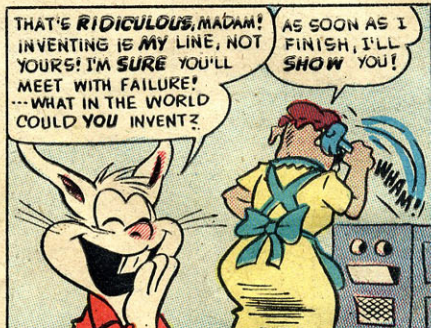
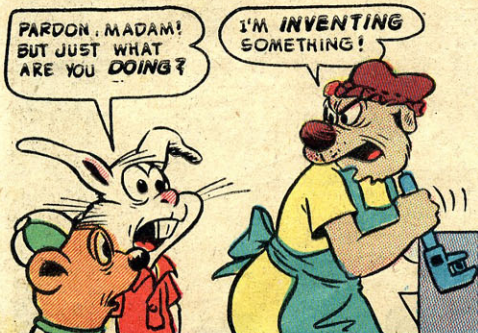
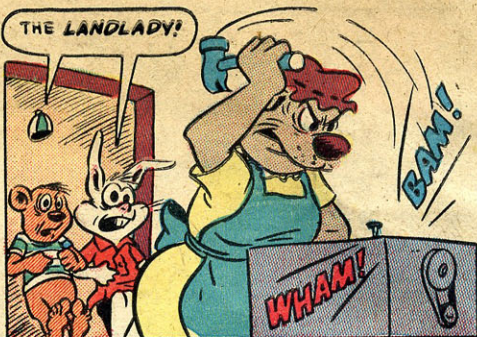
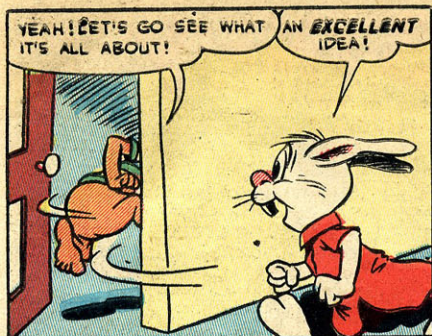
only
10¢

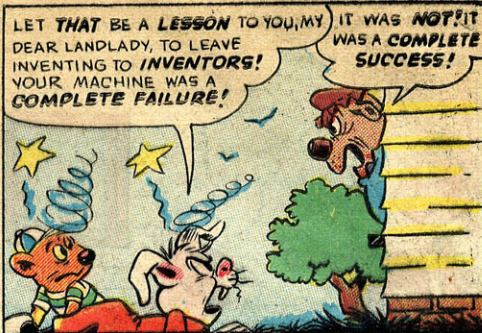
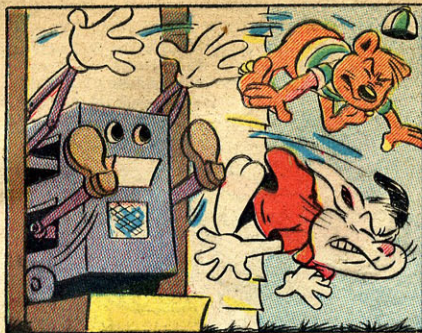
ON ALL STANDS

BLUNDERBUNNY

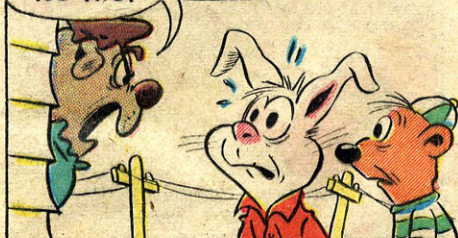
A Funny Films Laff Hit!



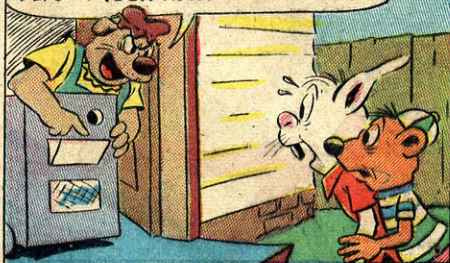




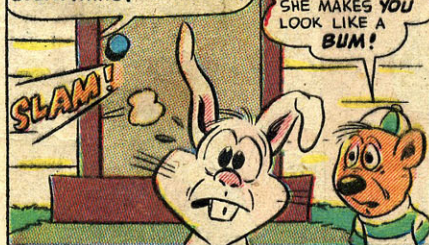
IT'S A SUPER-DUPER UNDESIRABLE TENANT TOSSER-OUTER, AND IT WORKED PERFECTLY! IT TOSSED OUT TWO UNDESIRABLE TENANTS, NAMELY YOU TWO!



AND DON'T TRY SNEAKING BACK IN, CUZZ IT'LL KEEP RIGHT ON TOSSEING YOU OUT UNTIL YOU DEPOSIT YOUR RENT IN THIS SLOT!

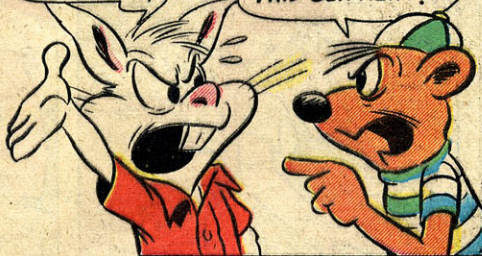


I NO LONGER HAVE TO TROUBLE MYSELF WITH YOU! --- MY INVENTION WILL TEND TO EVERYTHING!...GOODBYE!



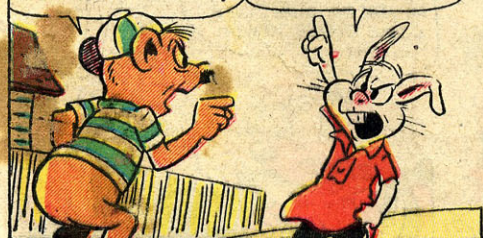
BAH! THAT CONTRIVANCE OF HERS IS SO SIMPLE A CHILD COUL'D'VE BUILT IT!

OH, YEAH? DEN IF IT'S SO SIMPLE, HOW DO WE FOOL IT INTO T'INKIN' WE'VE PAID OUR RENT?



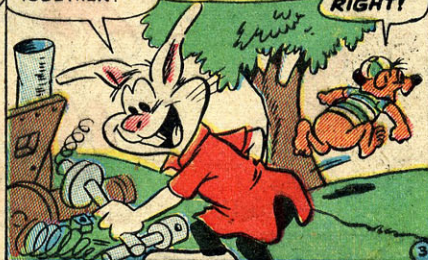
IF YOU'RE SUCH A GREAT INVENTOR, YOU'D INVENT SOMETHIN' DAT'LL OUTFOX DAT INVENTION OF HERS!

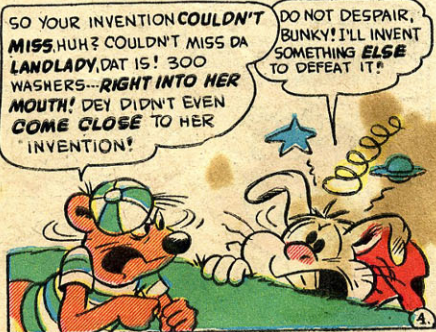
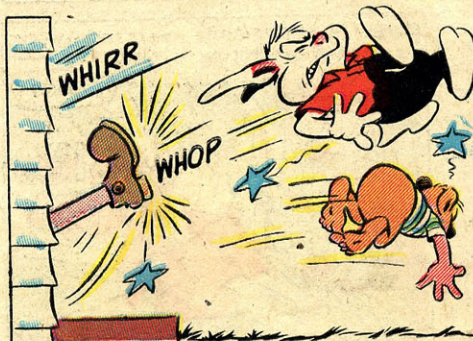
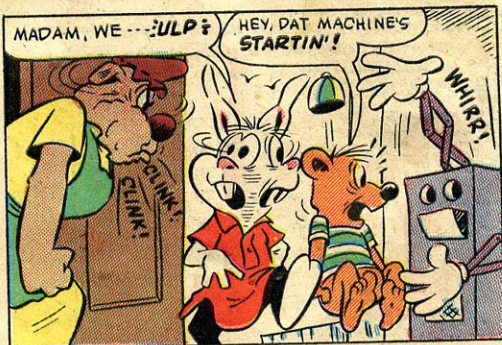
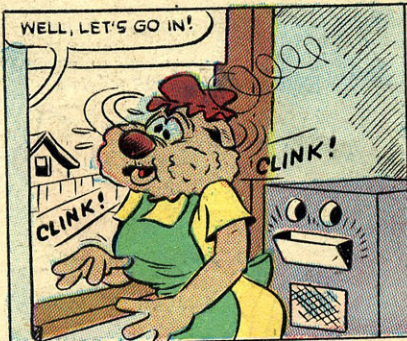
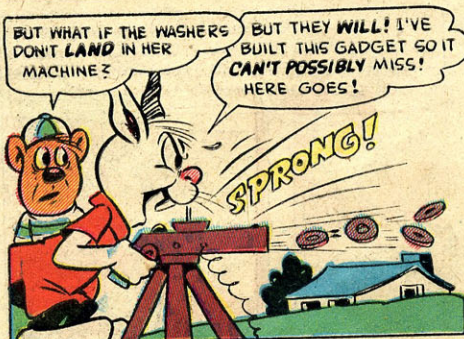
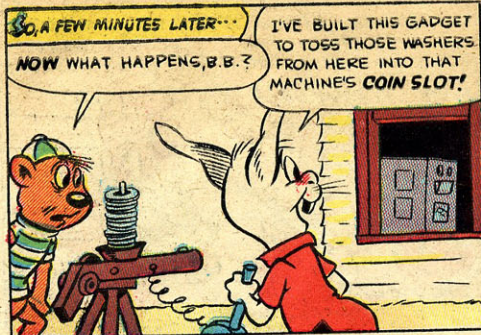
AND I SHALL! THIS WILL BE THE BATTLE OF THE INVENTORS! I'LL STAND OR FALL ON MY RECORD!

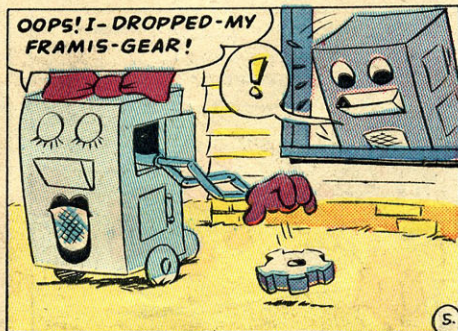
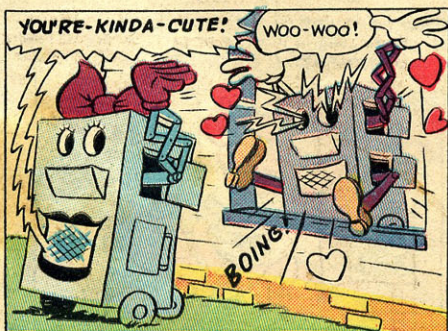
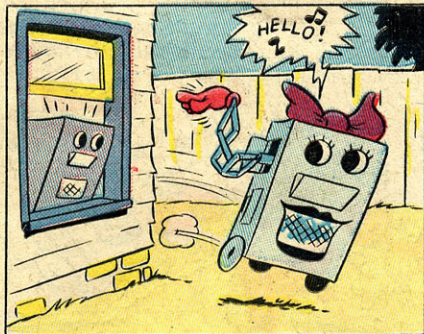
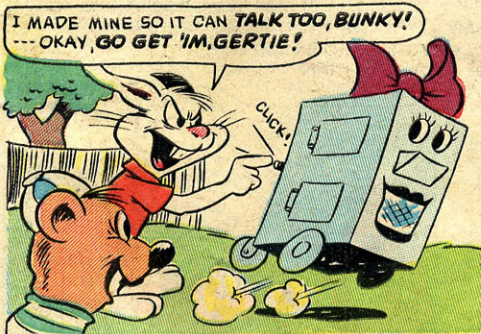
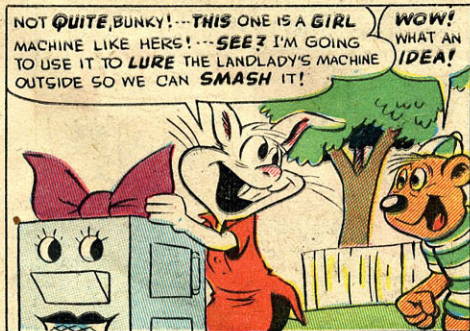
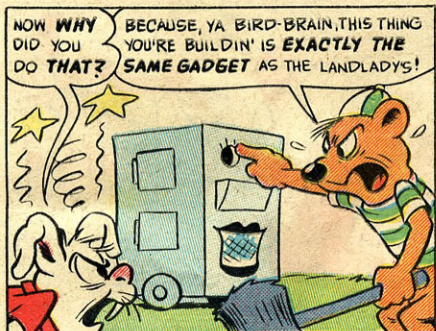
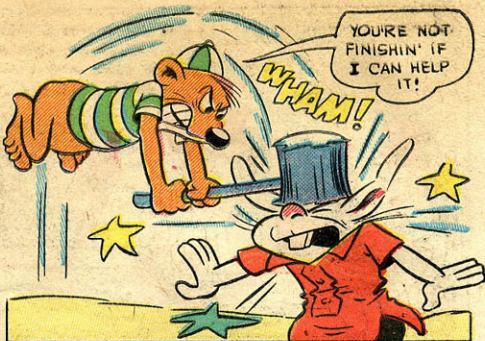
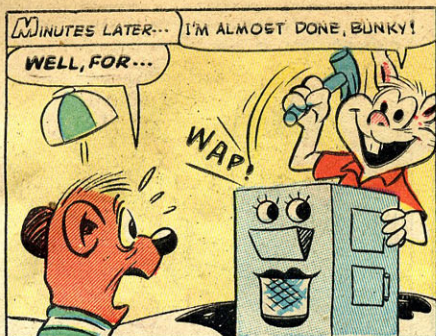


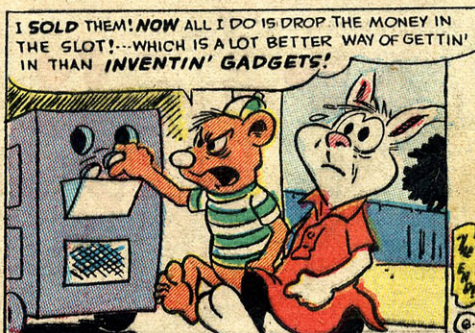
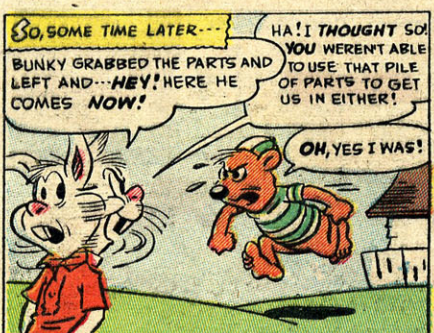
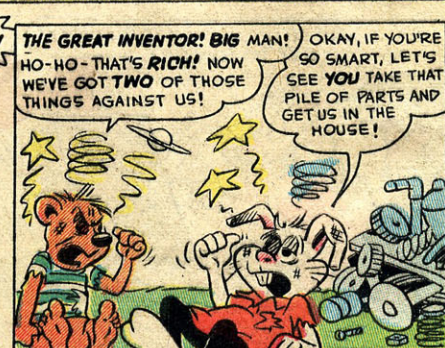
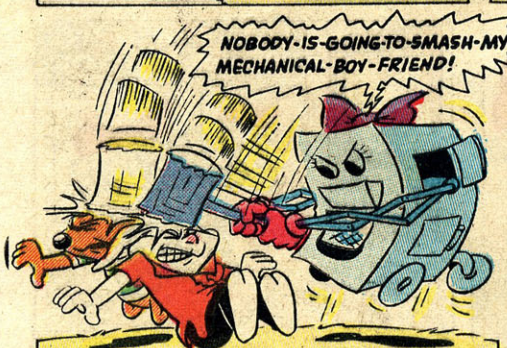
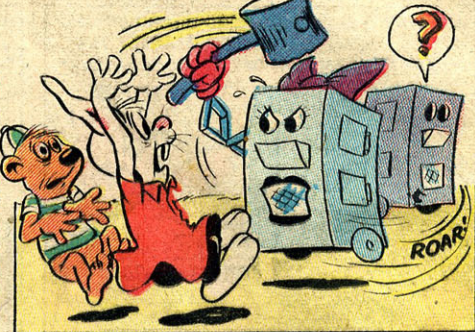
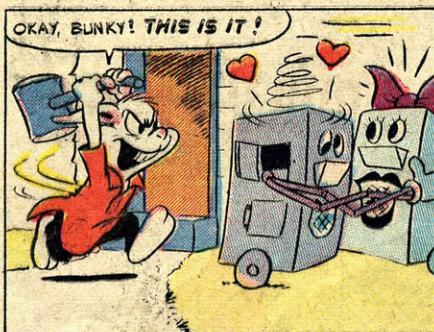
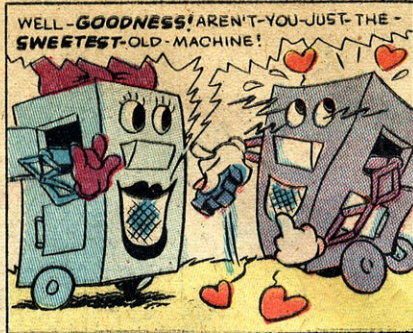
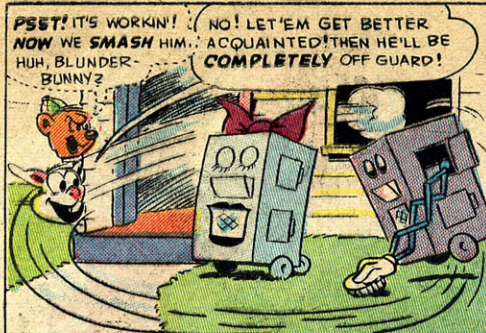
QUICK! GO GET ME SOME DOLLAR-SIZE WASHERS WHILE I GET BUSY PUTTING A FEW THINGS TOGETHER!

RIGHT!









PHIL RIZZUTO
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER AMERICAN LEAGUE

WHAT BUILDS A CHAMPION BUILDS YOU!



THAT'S AN
IMPORTANT
TRAINING
FACT!

CUTAWAY VIEW OF
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address and
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right on
Wheaties box!



The **LAST CHASE**

"C'MON, YA COWARD, *chase* me! I dare ya!" howled Puss, letting fly an overripe tomato. "Yer nothin' but a flea-bag! A mutt!"

Squish! Splat! The tomato hit Boots square in the middle of the face and dripped down his neck. Boots wiped his face as clean as he could and growled to himself, "Okay, this is it! He asked for it! I'm sick an' tired of givin' that cat a good time, chasin' him all over town! I'll chase him, all right, but this is gonna be *the last chase!* I'll chase him to his *doom!*"

Yipping and snapping, Boots turned on Puss. Howling and happy, Puss turned and fled...towards the railroad tracks. "Good!" thought Boots. "There's a train due any second. All I gotta do is chase him across at the right moment, an' I'll never see that cat again!"

Yes, the train was coming towards them, a blur of speed. Boots yapped at Puss's heels and Puss sprang onto the tracks. Boots covered his eyes. "I can't look!" he trembled. "I can't... *bub?*"

"Well, chase me!" Puss was yelling, large as life and twice as loud. As for the train, *that* had turned off to another track and not a hair of Puss's fur was ruffled.

"Hmmm, I see where I'll hafta think of some other way ta get rid of him," Boots worried. "An' I know what it is!" His eyes had caught sight of a large opening in the sidewalk, not far away. "I'll chase Puss across that, he'll fall in...an' I'll never see that pest again!"

Like a shot, Boots was after Puss. Puss, looking backward, did not see the opening into the sidewalk until it was too late. With a screech, he tum-

bled in and disappeared from sight!

"Well!" grinned Boots. "I'll never see *him* again...*bub?*" As he spoke, the grin vanished from his face, for there was Puss, as sassy as ever, rising to the sidewalk on top of an elevator. And to make matters worse, Puss was thumbing his nose at Boots!

"This is the end!" Boots was so angry he gnashed his teeth together and could hardly pull them apart again. "I'll get rid of him with my own hands. That barrel! I'll make him jump into it an' then I'll roll it downhill, fast! When he gets to the bottom...*smash!* Goodbye, Puss!"

"Why aren'tcha *chasin'* me?" Puss demanded.

Boots streaked after him once more, heading right towards the barrel. And Puss did just what he'd hoped! The cat leaped into the barrel and Boots heard a happy sound:

Slurp!

"That barrel's full o' *water!*" he laughed. "An' cats can't *swim!* Oh, boy, what a break! There's the end of Puss an' all this chasin'!"

Happy at last, Boots walked off to sit in the sun and smile at the clever way in which he had gotten rid of his arch-enemy. He'd been sitting quietly for about an hour, when the fur on his neck rose and his eyes swivelled around to see...Puss's ghost!

"C'mon, *chase* me!" it was saying.

"Go away! Go away! Ya fell in a barrel of water an' *drowned!*"

"I couldn't swim, so I hadda *drink* my way out! Boyoboy, was that swell! I'm fatter an' sleeker an' more fulla pep than I ever was, Bootsie-boy! Ya see, I'm *not* a ghost an' that barrel was full of...*milk!*"

PUSS an' BOOTS

A Funny Films
Feature!

HEY, LOOK!
THE PICTURE'S
STARTED, BUT
NO PUSS AND
BOOTS!

HOW CAN IT BE A
PUSS AND BOOTS
SHOW WITHOUT PUSS
AND BOOTS IN IT?

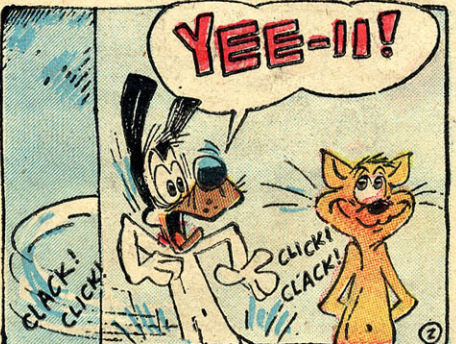
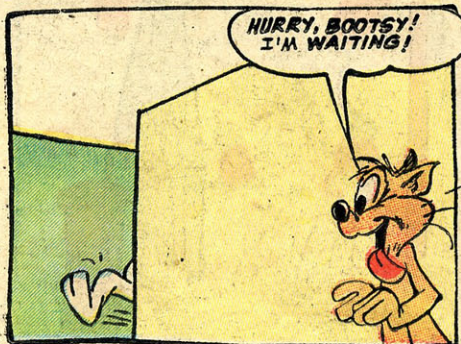
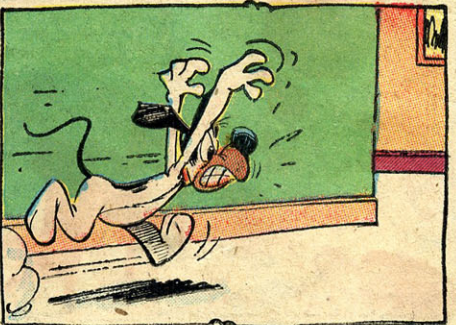
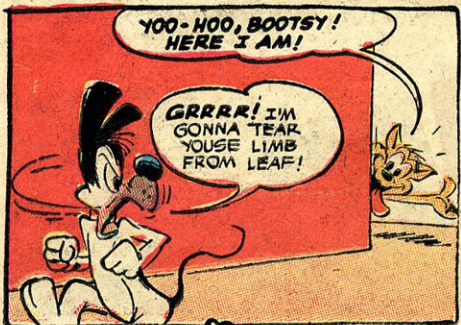
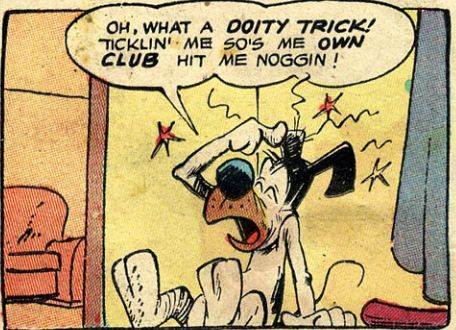
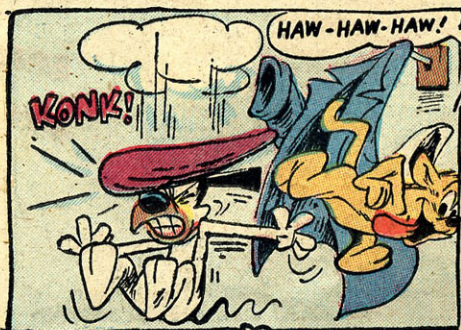
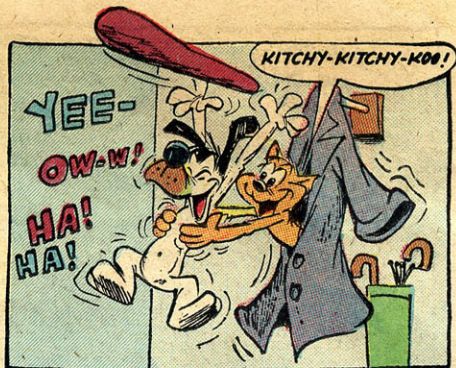
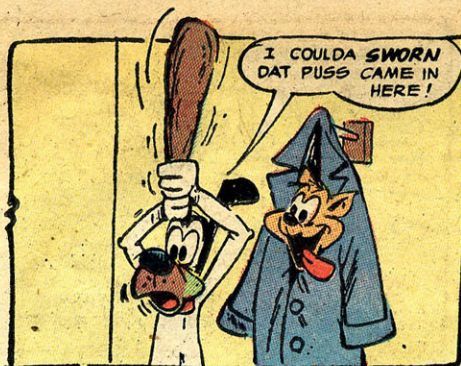
DON'T WORRY, KIDS!
WE'RE GOING TO BE IN IT!

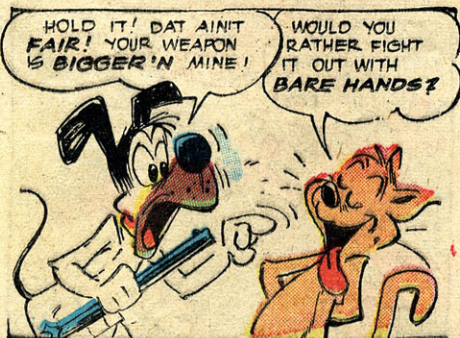
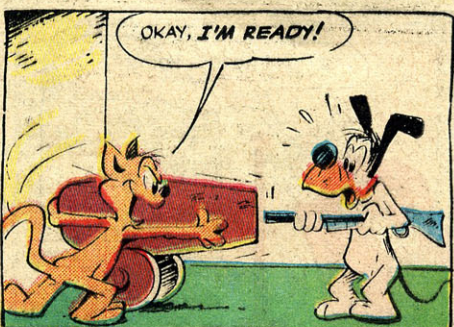
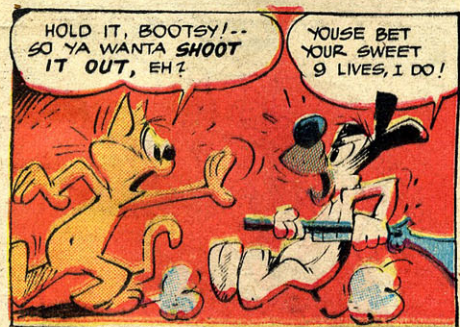
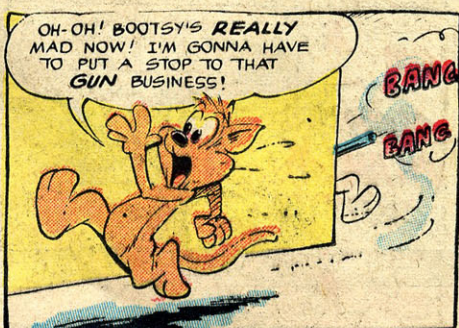
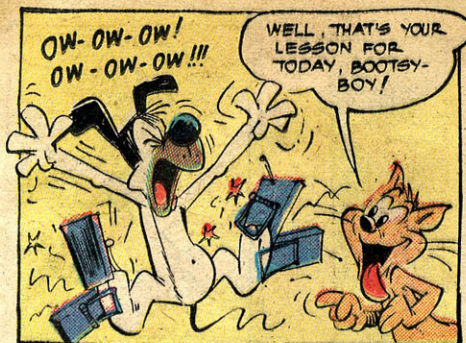
YER DURN RIGHT
WE'RE GONNA BE
IN IT-- AN' IN A
BIG WAY, TOO!
-- GRRR!

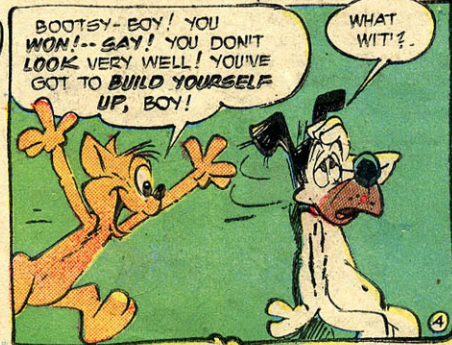
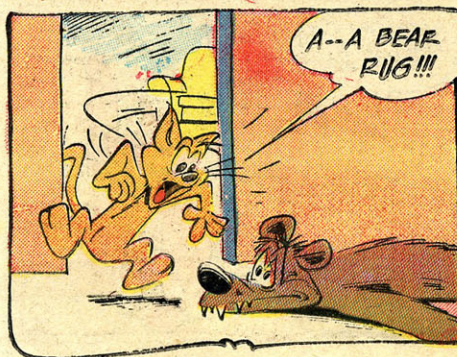
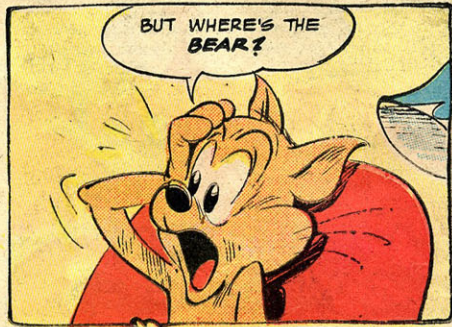
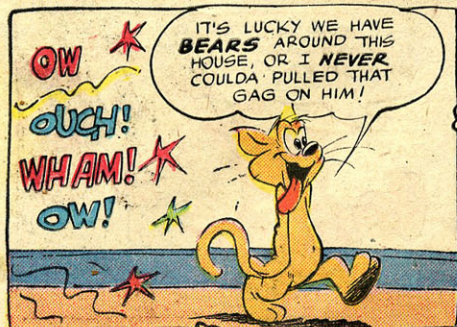
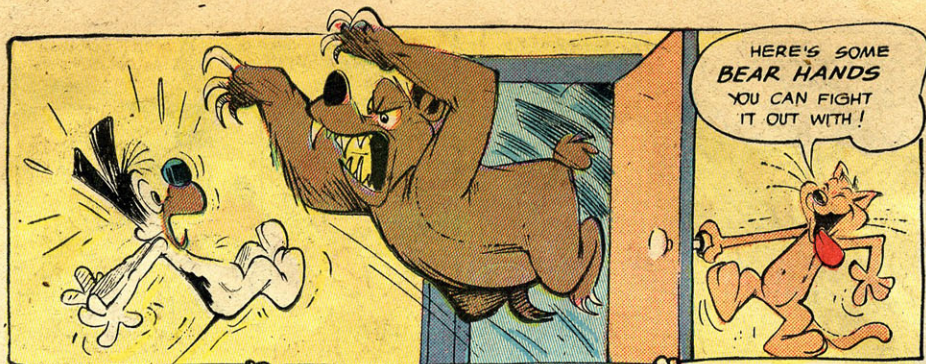
GOLLY! PUSS HAS
DONE SOMETHIN'
TO BOOTS
EVEN
BEFORE THE
MOVIE'S STARTED!

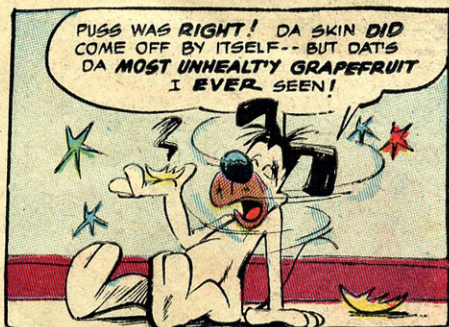
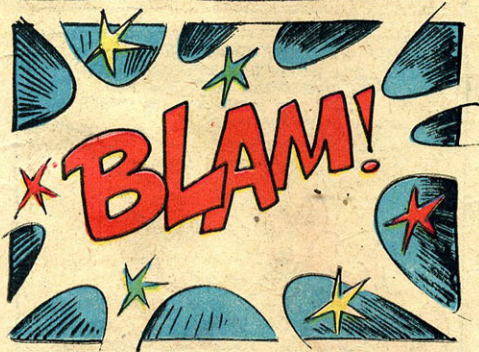
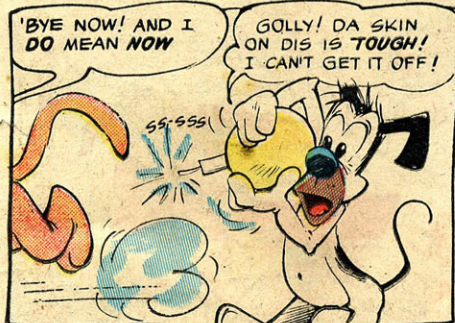
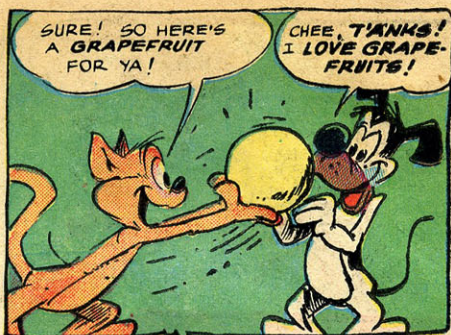
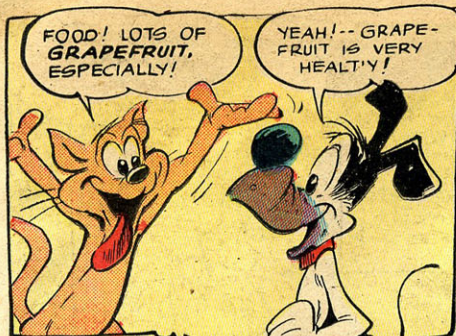
WELL, HERE WE ARE,
KIDS! THIS OUGHTA BE
A RIP-SNORTER!
BOOTS IS REALLY MAD
AT ME!

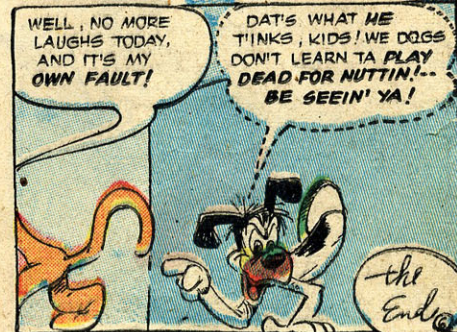
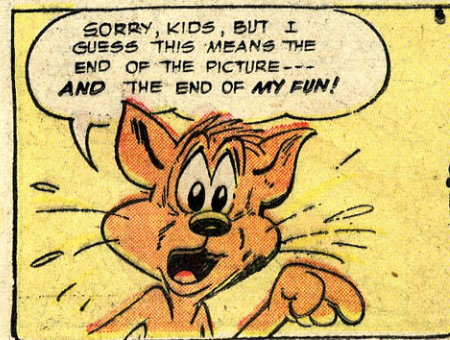
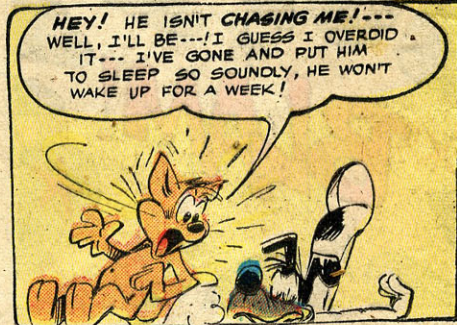
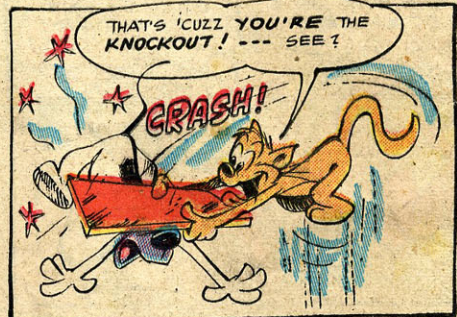
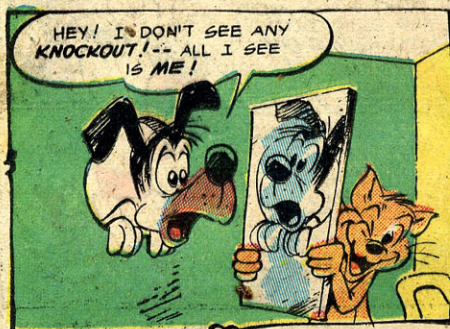
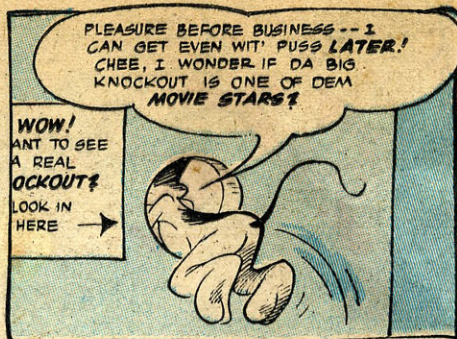
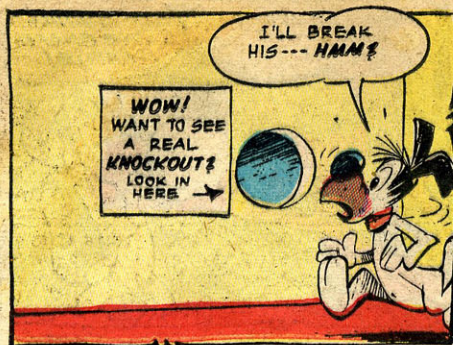
HUH???
GONE!









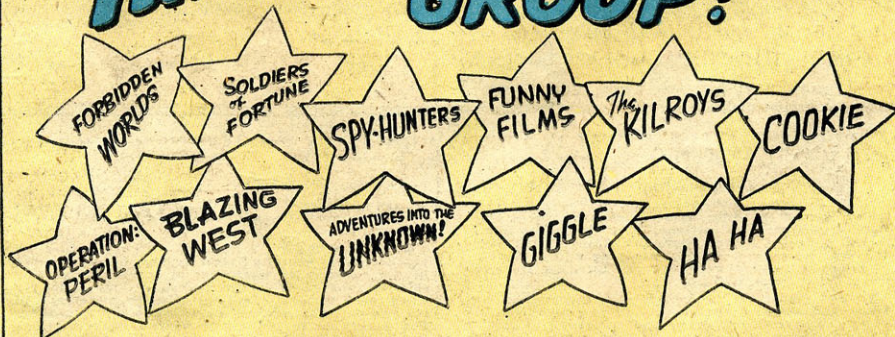




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OF HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



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Read **AMERICAN!**



FANCY FIB-FINDER

"BUNKY," ANNOUNCED BLUNDERBUNNY proudly, "you are looking at the greatest invention in the world! Also at the greatest inventor in the world! Naturally, I am talking about myself!"

Bunko looked at the odd contraption rigged up in Blunderbunny's workshop. "What is it?" he asked.

"A lie-detector," Blunderbunny explained. "Sometimes I can't get over how clever I am! Why, this invention is gonna make me a billion-trillionaire! Maybe *richer*! Some people are coming to look at it soon, and I guess they'll buy it because it's so stupendous!"

"Does it *really* tell if you're lying?" Bunko asked.

"Does it *really* tell!" Blunderbunny was scornful. "Just stick around and watch the demonstration...oh, here they come now!"

As the buyers entered the workshop, Blunderbunny smiled, smugly and began to tell them how wonderful his invention was.

"Does it detect lies?" asked one old goat.

"Why, it even tells if you're *thinking* of telling a lie!" Blunderbunny boasted.

The instant he said this, an arm came

out of the lie-detector and clonked Blunderbunny over the head...*hard*!

"Ouch!" yipped the inventor. "Well, as I was saying, this invention is so clever, that it will prove you're wrong if you're not telling the truth and furthermore...ouch! *Ouch!*" Another arm had come out of the machine and clonked Blunderbunny even harder than before.

"Are you sure you're telling the truth now?" demanded the old goat.

"Sir, a Blunderbunny *never, never* lies!" retorted the inventor.

No sooner had he finished saying those words, when both arms came out of the lie-detector and clonked him... once, twice, three times! Then they lifted him into the air, shook him until he was dizzy and threw him to the floor!

"Well, I see no reason for us to believe you!" snorted the old goat.

"Come along, everybody!" All the buyers marched out, leaving Blunderbunny dazed and smarting.

Bunko reached down and helped Blunderbunny to his feet. "Gosh, that's the first invention of yours that *really worked!*" he said.

"Ohhh," Blunderbunny moaned, "*shut up, Bunko!*"

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of FUNNY FILMS, published Bi-monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1950.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183 St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None.; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

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3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

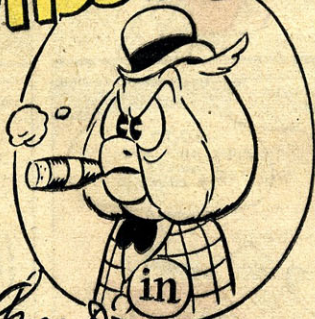
(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1950.

Nat. C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1951)

**Funny
Films**
PRESENTS

The GREAT WHOO-DOODIT



"Who Doodit?"

ZOWIE!
WHOO - DOODIT
IN
"WHO-DOODIT!"

I CAN
READ!
SHUDDUP!

EXIT

THE OFFICE OF THE WORLD'S
BIGGEST NEWSPAPER...

TAYLOR, I WANT YOU TO
INTERVIEW WHOO-DOODIT,
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
DETECTIVE -- AND GET A
STORY ON HIS HIS MOST
DIFFICULT AND
BAFFLING CASE!

RIGHT, CHIEF!
I'LL GO OVER
TO HIS OFFICE
RIGHT AWAY!



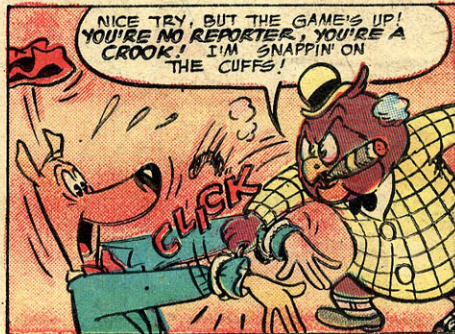
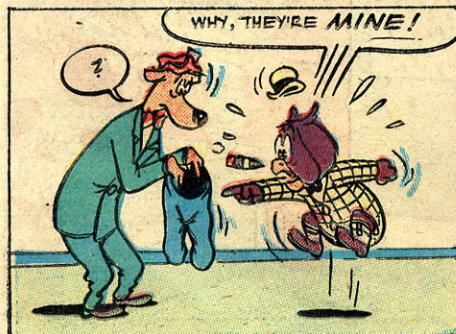
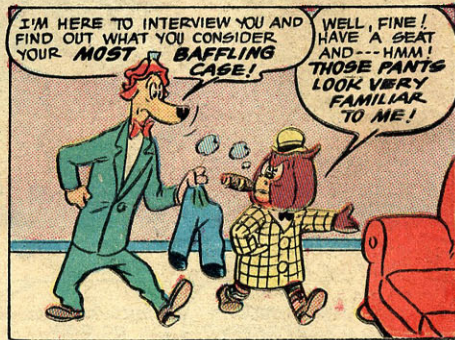
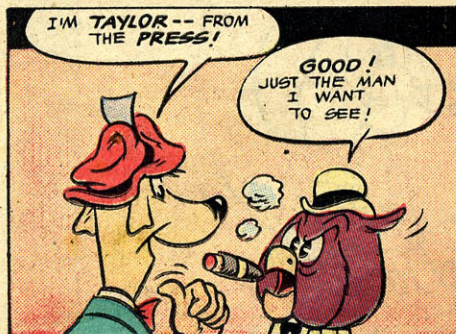
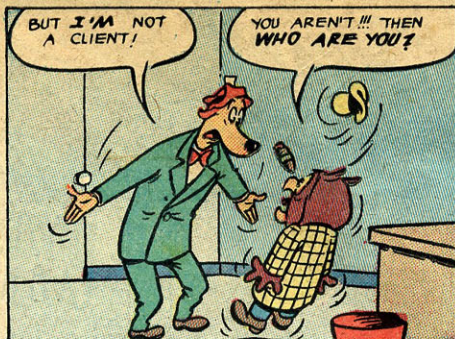
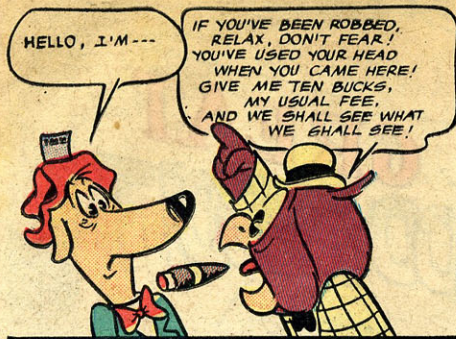
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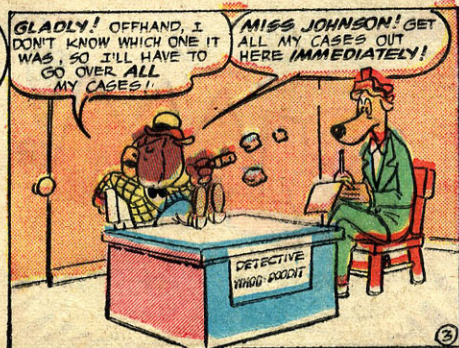
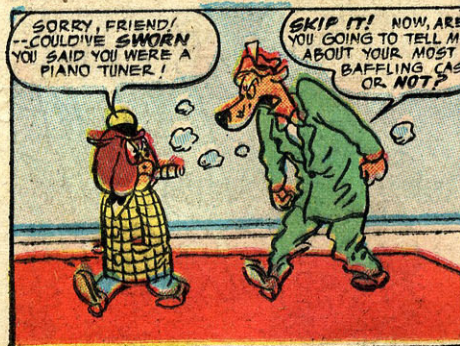
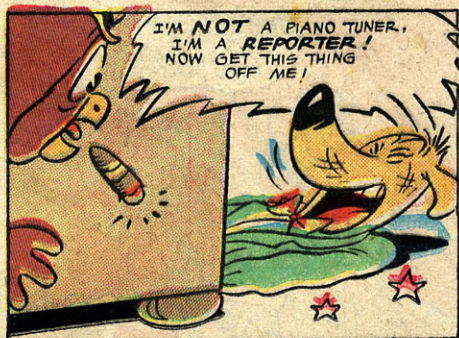
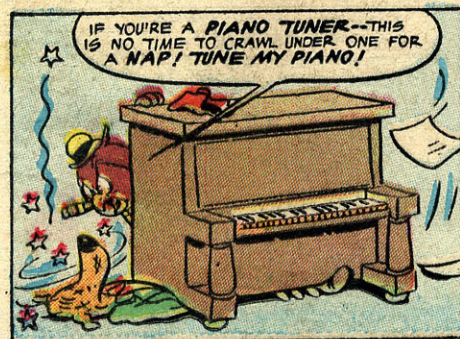
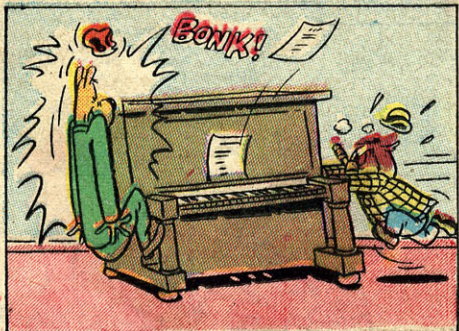
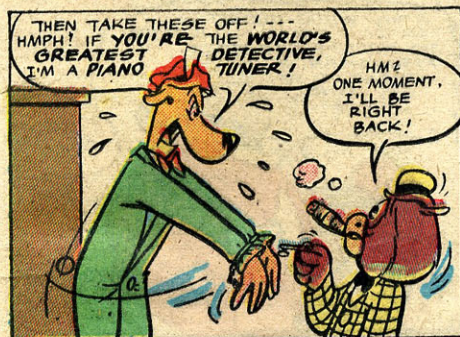
DETECTIVE
DOODIT

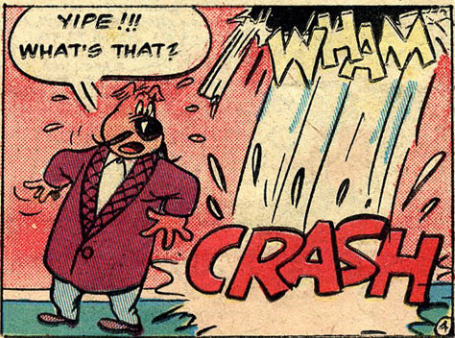
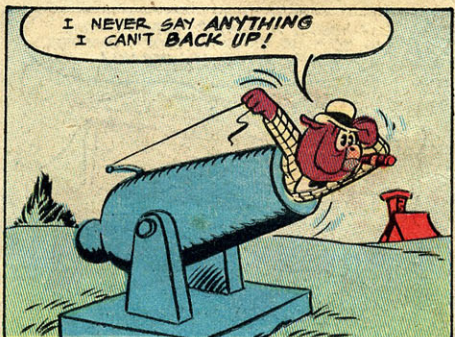
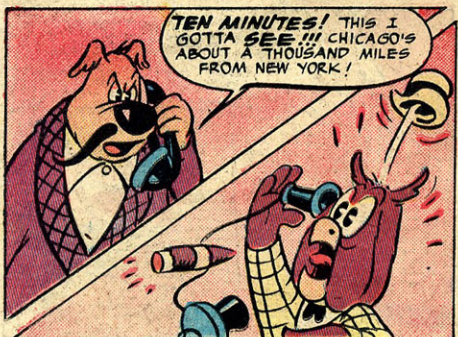
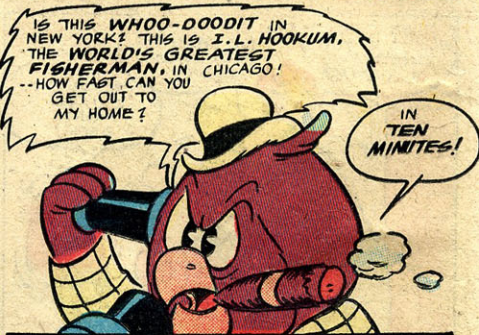
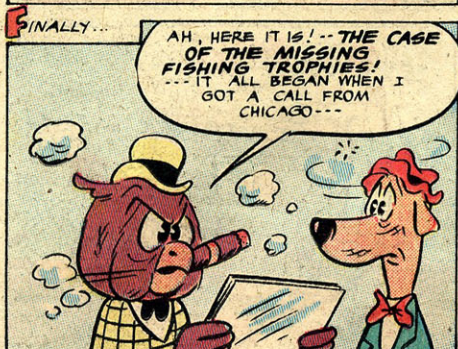
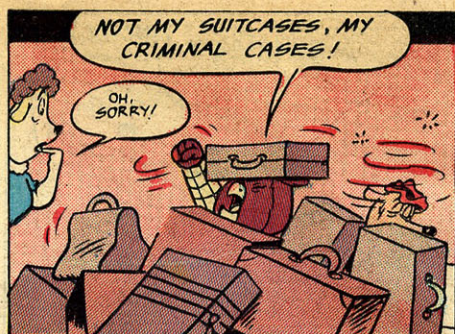
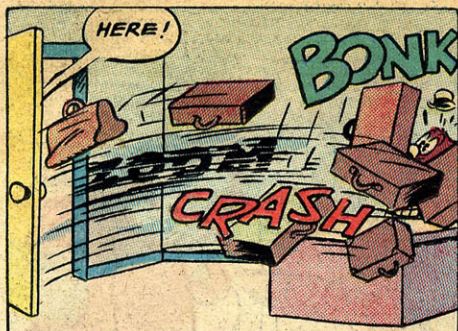
AH, SOMEONE WITH A
BIG CASE FOR ME,
NO DOUBT!

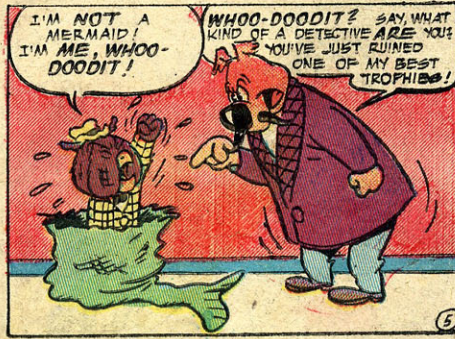
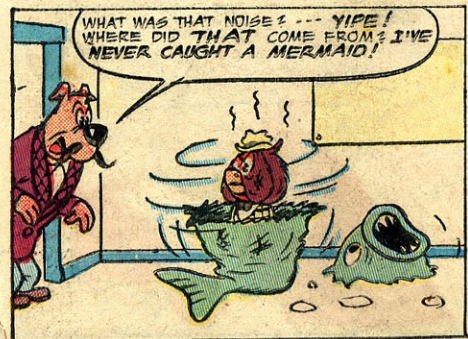
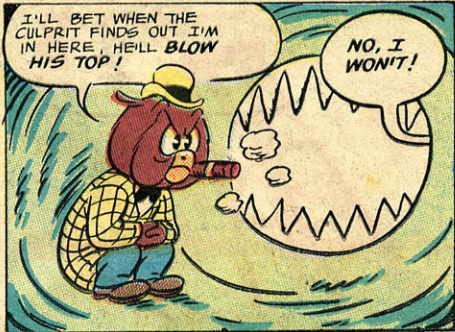
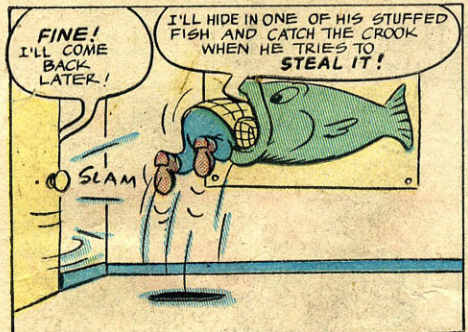
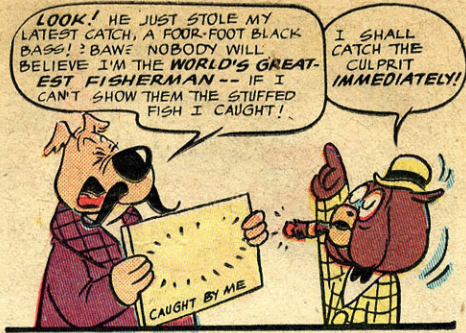
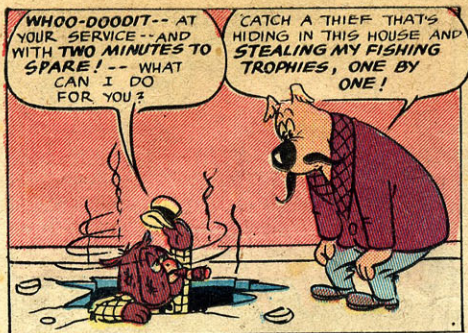
COME IN!

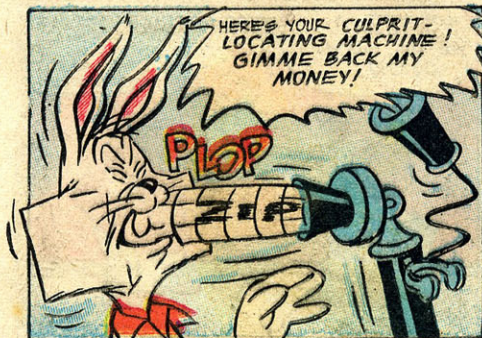
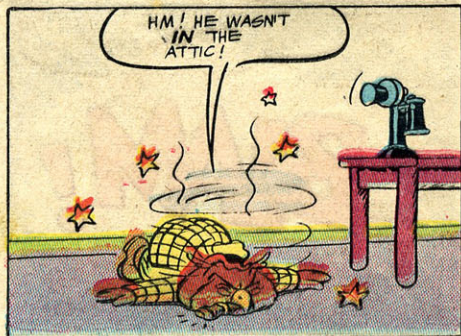
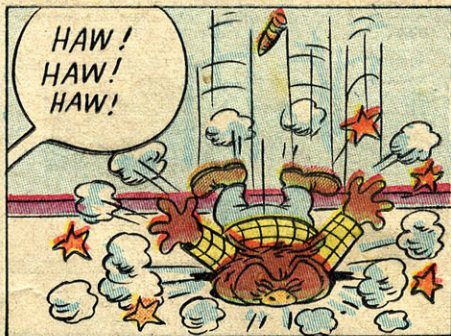
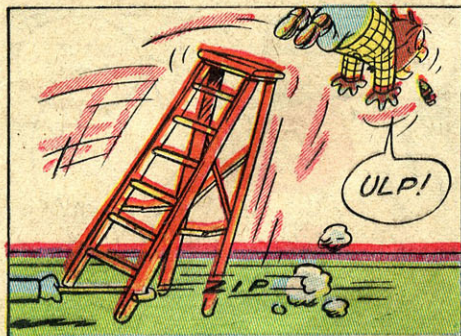
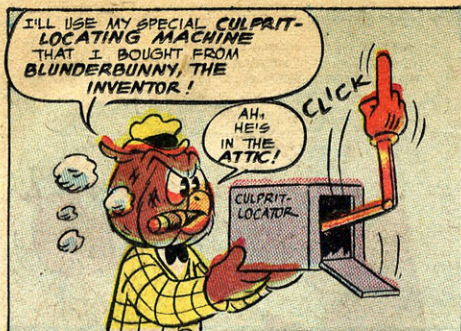


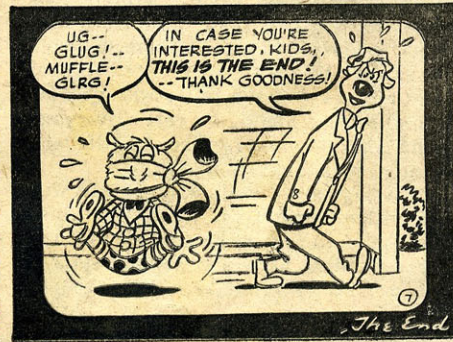
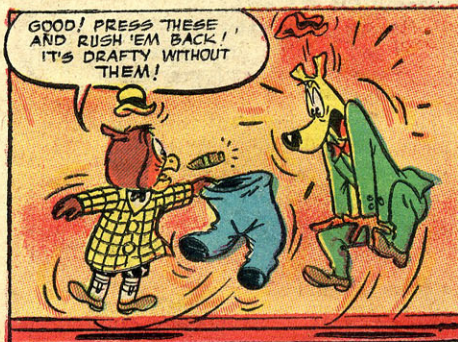
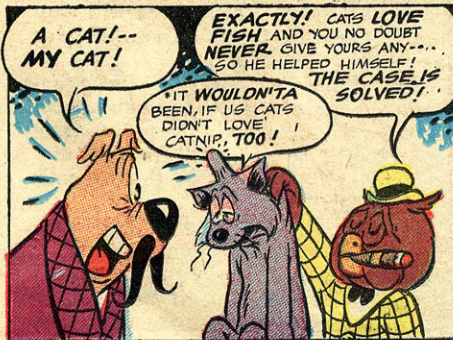
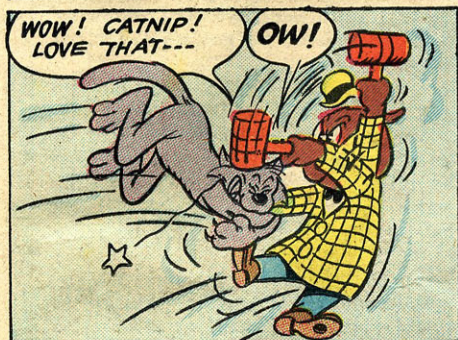
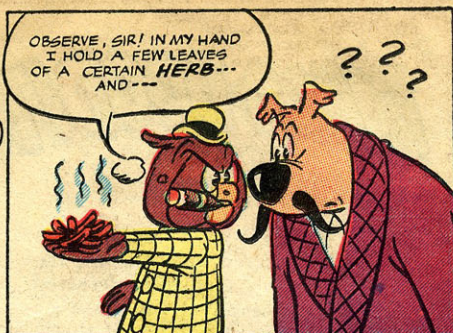
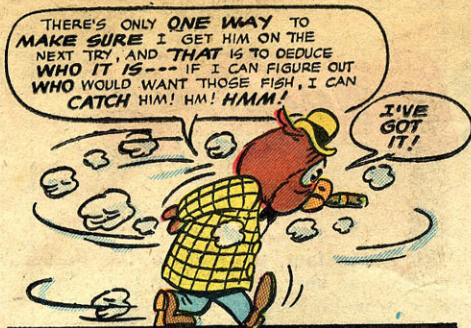












WHOO-DOODIT, *The Masked Marvel!*

WHAT I NEED is a big case to solve!" muttered Whoo-Doodit, the greatest detective that ever detected anything. "Something that will make me even more famous than I am, if that's possible! Aha! I have it! I will capture the entire Lowlife Gang...single-handed!"

The sleuth had read about this dangerous gang of criminals in the paper that very day. "This is the way to fame and glory!" he said. "First, I'll disguise myself and then trail those crooks to their lair!"

From his disguise closet, Whoo-Doodit selected a striped sweater, a pair of old trousers, a bushy moustache to paste on his face and a mask to cover his eyes. "They'll never recognize me in this outfit," he smiled, slinking out of his office, down the street and across the town to the neighborhood where crooks were known to hang out.

"I'll look through all the windows around here," said the sleuth, "and the minute I see 'em...I'll pounce!"

Just as he said "pounce", Whoo-doodit felt a strong hand gripping his shoulder. "All right, Lowlife," a voice growled, "we've got you! You're going to jail!"

"But...but it's a mistake! I'm not Lowlife! I'm trying to capture him and his gang, see, and...listen to me!" In vain, Whoo-Doodit tried to explain matters to the two policemen who were hauling him off to jail. In vain, he tried to explain things to the Police Sergeant at the desk and the jailer who was ordered to toss him into a cell! Everyone said that he *looked* like Lowlife and that was enough!

Sulking in his cell, Whoo-Doodit was an unhappy detective. Of all the things to happen to *him*, to be mistaken for the very criminal he had vowed to capture! "Something is wrong here," he thought

sadly.

At that instant, the *real* Lowlife was saying those very words to his gang, for news travels fast in the underworld. "Something is wrong here! Who is this guy that got himself arrested pretendin' to be me? Gang, we gotta get him out before he *talks*!"

In the dead of night, Lowlife and his gang made their way to the jailhouse. Stealthily, they stole inside, one by one, each one armed to the teeth. "Grab the jailer and get the key!" the gang leader ordered. "Gimme it! I'll get that phoney out an' see what he's tryin' to do!"

The huge key turned in the lock and Whoo-Doodit looked up from his cot to see...Lowlife! "C'mon, we're breakin' ya out!" gritted the gang leader. "Follow us!"

They tiptoed out of the jailhouse and then Whoo-Doodit had an inspiration. "If you will all follow me," he whispered, "I know a shortcut!"

"Okay, men. Follow!" Lowlife commanded.

With Whoo-Doodit in the lead, the gang followed, unable to see a thing in the pitch-blackness of the night. He seemed to be leading them around a building...and inside a door. He *was* leading them through a door! "What is this?" growled Lowlife, blinking in the sudden glare of electric lights.

"It's the back entrance of the jailhouse and you're *all* under arrest!" said Whoo-Doodit. "I got the whole gang, Chief!"

The Police Sergeant was thunderstruck, amazed and flabbergasted. "I can't believe it!" he gasped. "The *entire Lowlife Gang*, captured by *one individual*!"

"Oh, it's nothing," smiled Whoo-Doodit, "when that one individual happens to be...*me*!"

Funny
Films
Presents

ALKALI IKE

and his
HORSE
OATSIE

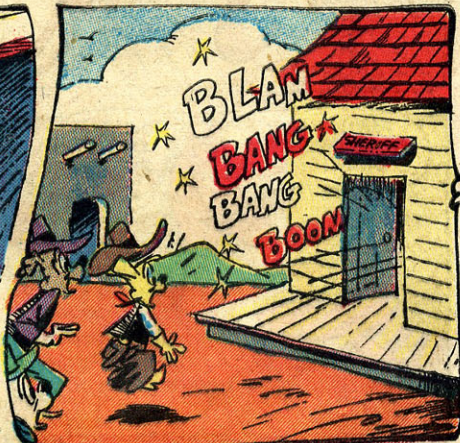
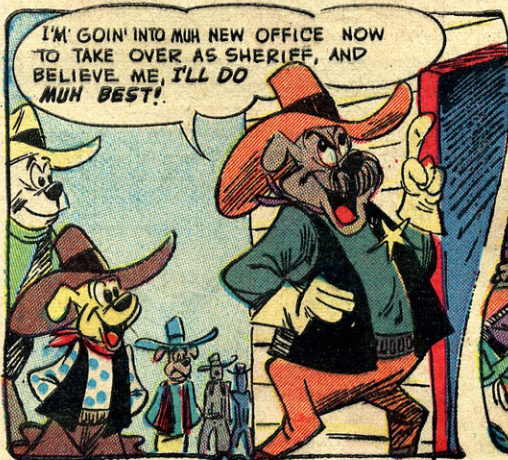
'RAH FOR
THE NEW
SHERIFF!

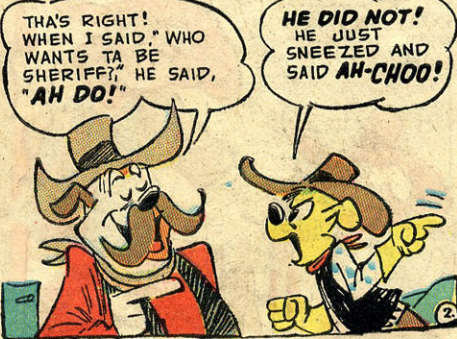
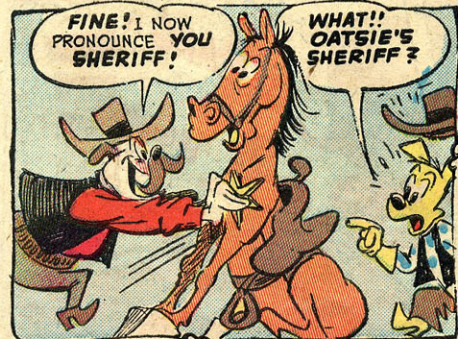
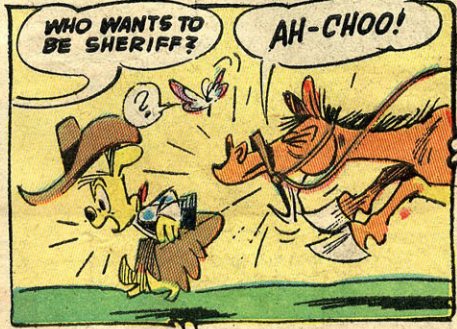
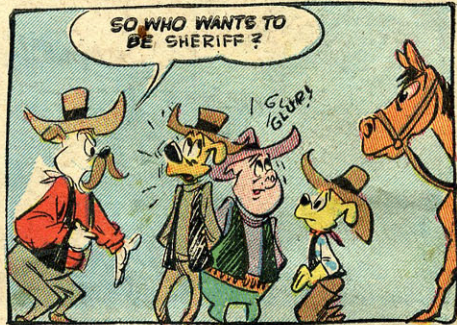
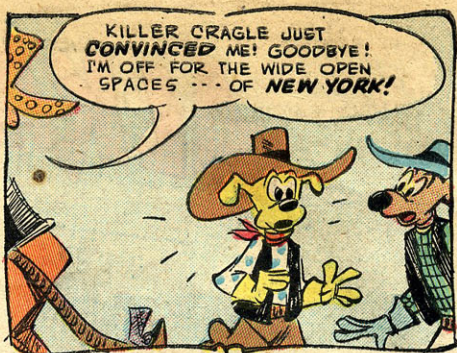
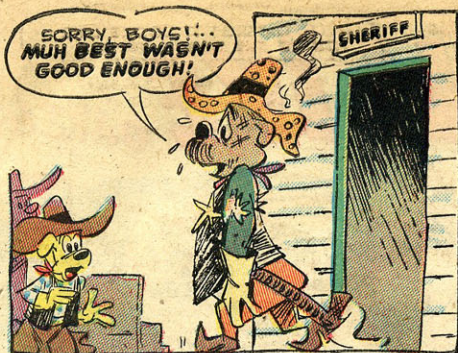
THREE
CHEERS!

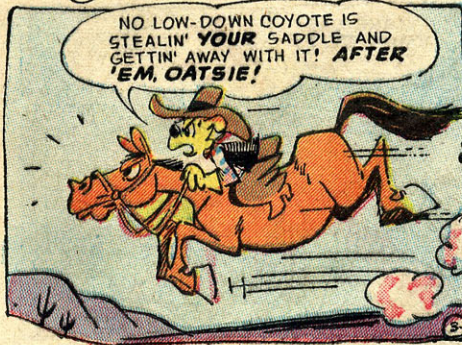
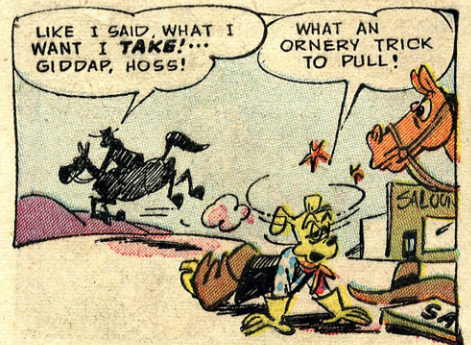
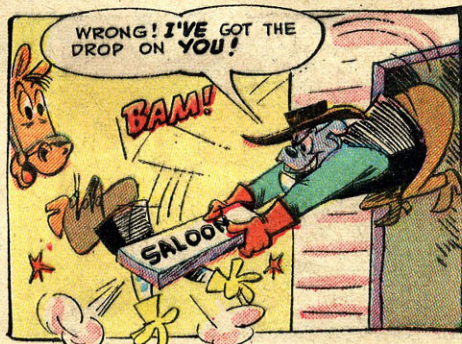
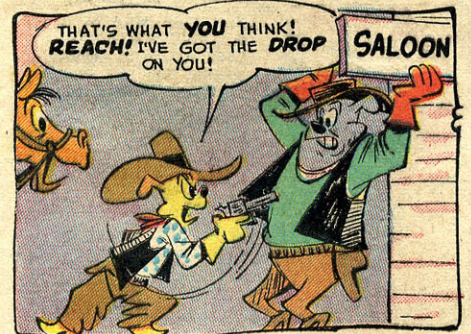
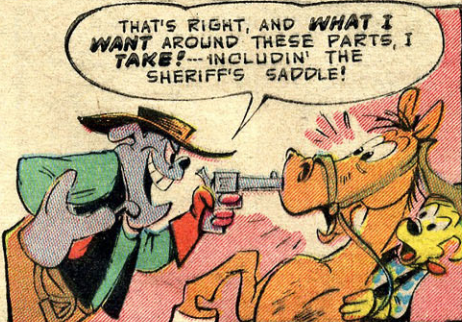
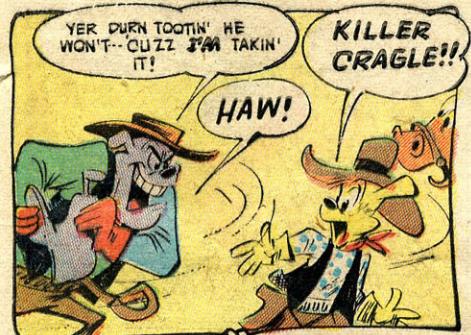
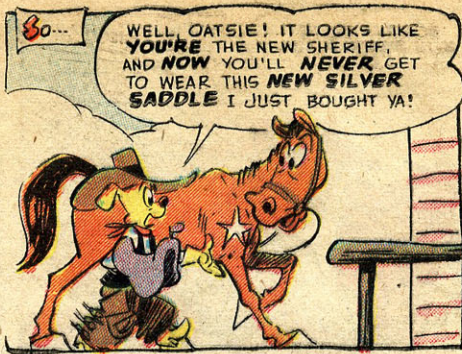
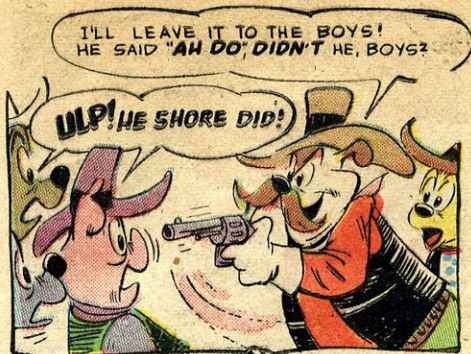
THANKS FOR ELECTIN' ME, BOYS! NOBODY'S DONE IT YET, BUT I'M GONNA 'RUN THIS OUTLAW, KILLER CRAGLE, OUTA THESE PARTS!



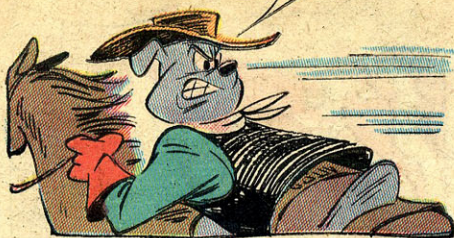
I'M GOIN' INTO MUH NEW OFFICE NOW TO TAKE OVER AS SHERIFF, AND BELIEVE ME, I'LL DO MUH BEST!







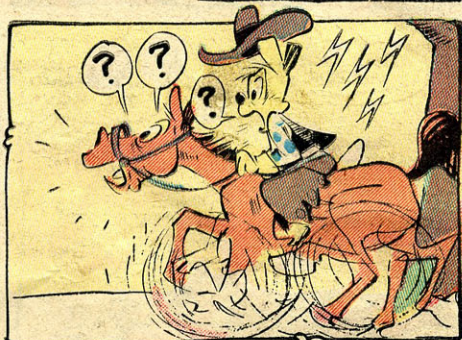
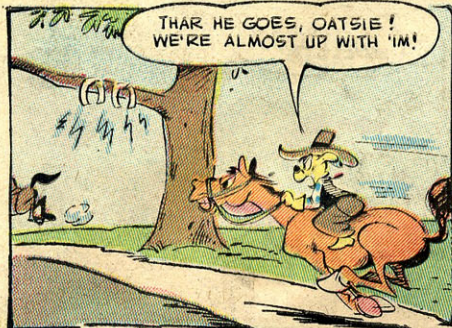
SO THE NEW HOSS SHERIFF AND
THE KID ARE FOLLOWING, EH? WELL,
I'LL STOP 'EM! --- **WHOA, HOSS!**



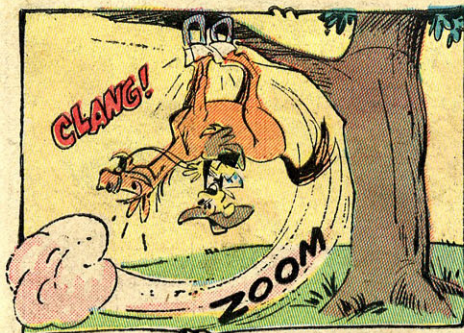
I'LL FASTEN THESE
MAGNETS TO THE BRANCH
OF THAT TREE!



THAT HE GOES, OATSIE!
WE'RE ALMOST UP WITH 'IM!



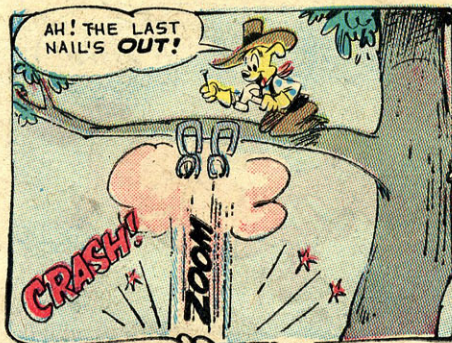
CLANG!



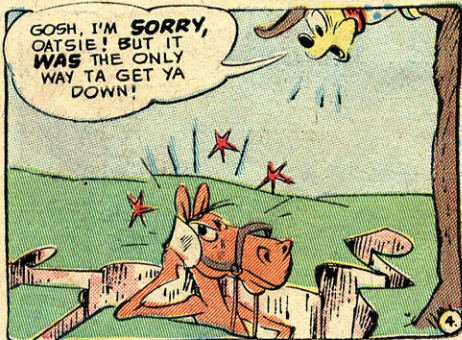
ONLY ONE WAY TA GET
YA LOOSE, OATSIE!...
TAKE ALL YOUR HORSE-
SHOES OFF BY PULLIN'
OUT THE HORSE-SHOE
NAILS!

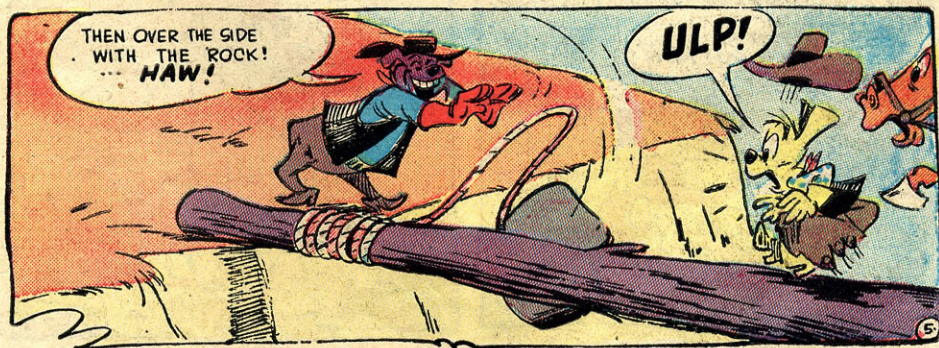
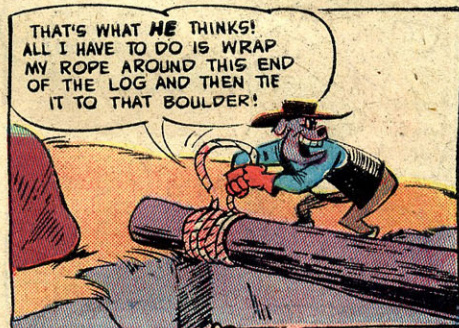
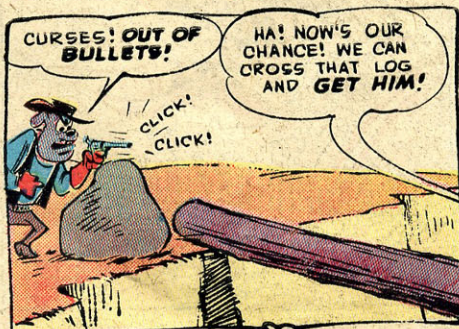
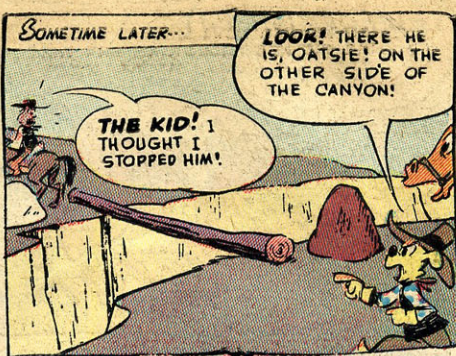
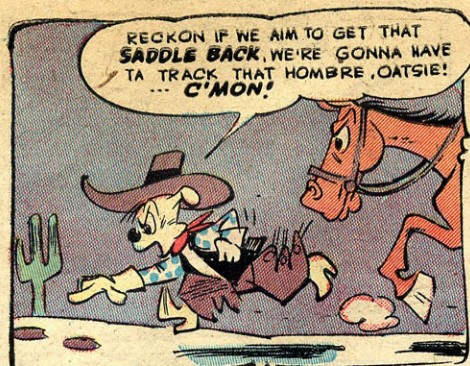


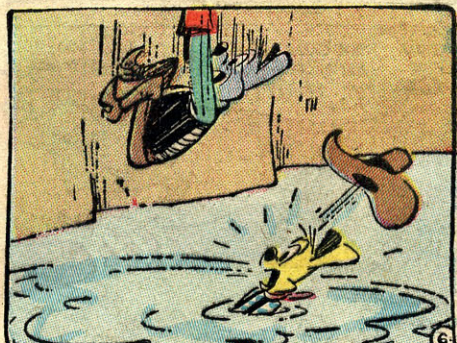
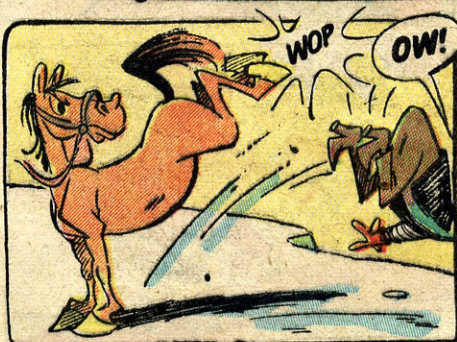
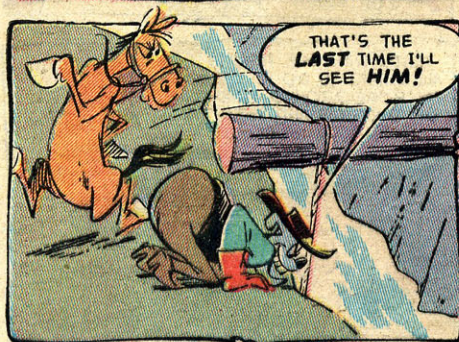
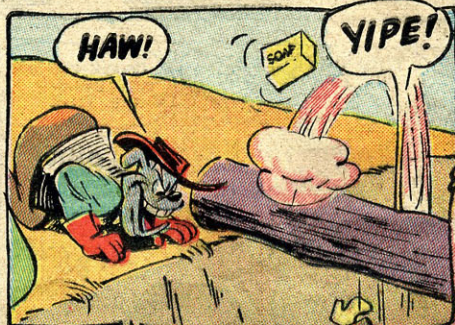
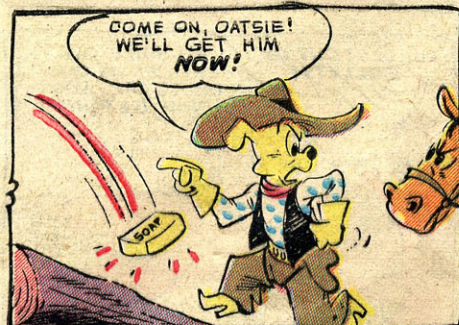
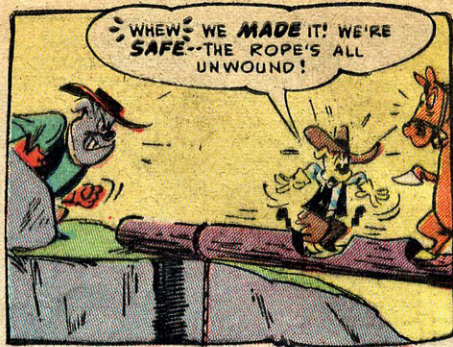
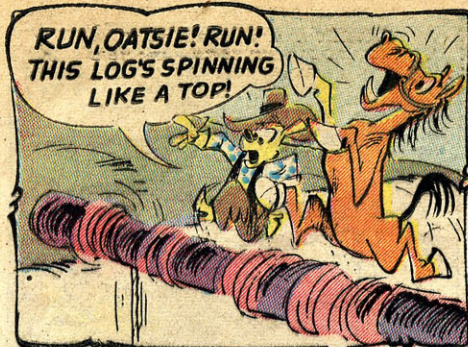
AH! THE LAST
NAIL'S OUT!

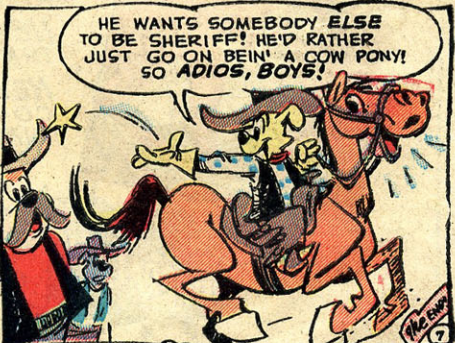
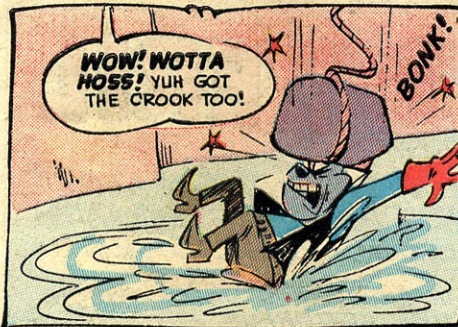
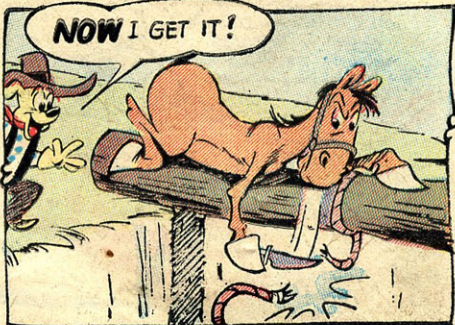
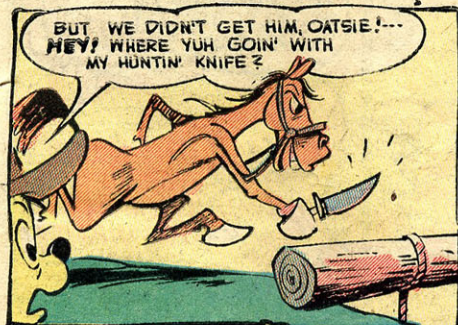
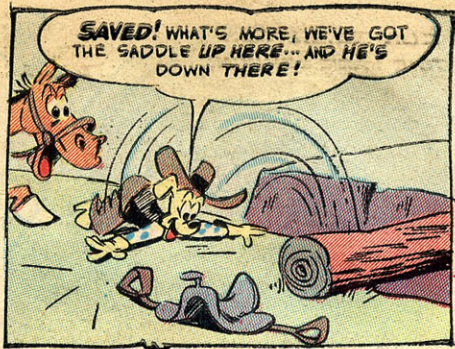
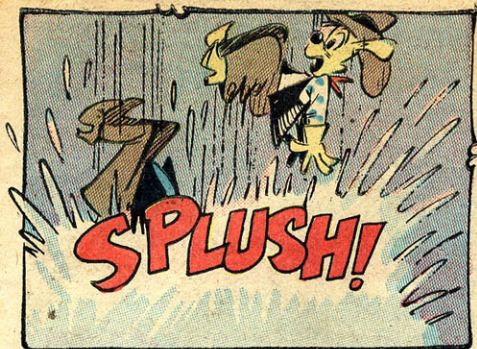


GOSH, I'M **SORRY**,
OATSIE! BUT IT
WAS THE ONLY
WAY TA GET YA
DOWN!











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Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in Confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?

Do you want to gain weight?
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told on this page!

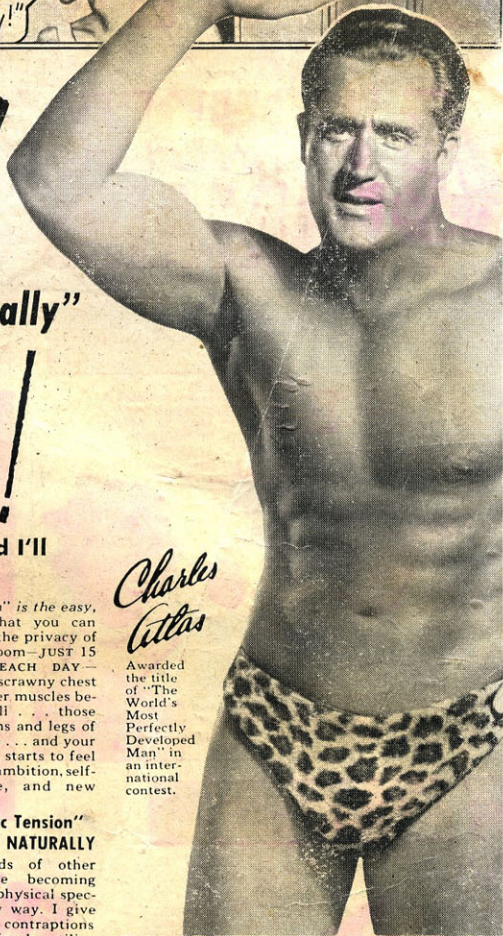
NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, ambition, self-confidence, and new energy!

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